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THE King, and a poore Nor therne man.

showing how a poore Northumberland
man, a Tenant to the King, being wronged by a
Lawyer, (his Neighbour) went to the King himself
To make knowne his grievances, full of simple mirth
and merry plaine jests.



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Grove, dwelling upon Snow hill. 1644.



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THE King and a poore Nor- therne man.

Come hearken to me all around,
and I will tell you a merer take :
Of a Northumberland man, that held some ground,
which was the Kings Land in a Dale ;
He was borne and bred thereupon,
and his father had dwelt there long before :
Who kept a good house in that Country,
and stab'd the Wolfe from off his doore.
Now so, this farme the good old man
in twenty shillings a yeare did pay.
At length came cruell death with his darte,
and this old Farmer he some did slay :
Who left behind him an aube wise then,
that troubled was with mickle paine ;

The King, and the poore

And with her Crutches she walkt about,
for she was likewise blinde and lame.

When that his Corpes were laid in the grave,
his eldest Sonne possesse did the Farme,
At the same rent as his ffather befoze.

he tooke great paines and thought no harme.
By him there dwelt a Lawyer false,
that with his Farme was not content,
But over the poore man still hang'd his nose,
because he did gather the Kings rent.

This Farme layd by the Lawyers Land,
whiche this vild kerne had a mind unto,
The Deele a good conscience, had he in his bulke,
that sought this poore man for to undoe :

He told him he his Lease had forste,
and that he must there no longer abide :

The King by such lownes hath mickle wrong done,
and for you the world is broad and wide.

The poore man prayd him for to cease,
and content himselfe if he would be willing,

And picke no vantage in my Lease
and I will giue thee forty Shilling.

Its neither forty Shillings no forty pound,
I se warrant thee so, can agree thee and me,
Whelless thou yeld me thy Farme so round,
and stand unto my curtellie.

The poore man said he might not doe so,
his Wife and his Beames will make ill worke :

If thou wilt with my farme let me ga,
 thou seeme's a gud fellow He gibe thee 5. Marke
 The Lawyer would not be so content,
 but further i'th matter he meanes to smell :
 The neighbours had the poore man provide his rent,
 and make a submission to the King him sell.
 This poore man now was in a great stonde,
 his senses they were almost wond.
 I thinke if a had not toke grace in's mind,
 that he would never againe be a good
 His head was troubled in such a bad plight,
 as though his eyes were apple gray :
 And if good learning he had not toke,
 he woud a cast himselfe away.
 A doughty heart he then did take,
 and of his mother did blessing crave.
 Taking farewell of his Wife and Hearnes,
 it earnd his heart them thus to leave ;
 Thus parting with the teares in his eyne,
 his bob-taild dog he out : to call :
 Thou shalt gang with me to the King,
 and so he toke his leave of them all.
 He had a humble staffe on his backe,
 a Jerkin I wat that was of gray,
 With a good blue Bonnet he thought it no lacke,
 to the King he is ganging as fast as he may,
 He had not gone a mile out o'th Towe,
 but one of his neighbours he did espy :

The King, and the poore

Holo farre ist to th King for thither I me boone,
as fast as ever I can hve.

I am sorry for you neighbour he sayd,
for your simplicity I make mone,

Ile warrant you, you may aske to the King.

When nine or ten dayes journey you have gone,

Had I wist the King word so farre,

Ile nere a sought him a mile out oth' Twayne,

Hes either a sought me or weed nere a come nare,
at home I had rather spent a crowne.

Thus past he along many a weary mile,
in raine and wet and in soule mire :

That ere he came to lig in his bid,
his dog and he full ill did tite;

Hard they did fare their charges to save,
but alas hungry stomaches outcries for meate,

And many a sup of cold water they dranke,
when in the lang way they had nought to eate.

Full lile we knew his hard grieve of mind,
and how he did long London to ken :

But yet he thought he should finde it at last,
because he met so many a men ;

At length the top of Wickes he spide,
and houses so thicke that he was agast ;

I thinke quoth he their land is full dore;
for ther's naught that here lies wast.

But when he came into the City of London,
of every mar. & the King he did call,

Northerne man.

They told him, that him he neede not feare,
for the King he lies now at Whitehall.
For White-hall then he made inquire,
but as he passed strange geere he saw,
The bulkes with such gue galwes were dresed
that his minde a tone side it did draw,
God God unto himselfe he did say,
what a deale a place I am comne unto,
Had a man I thinke a thousande pounds in's purse,
himselfe a might quickly here undoe.
At night then a lodging him a got,
and for his supper he then did pay,
He told the host then hee'd goe lig in his bed:
who straight took a candle and shewd him the way
Then with spying of Fairies in the Citie,
because he had never bene there before,
He lea so long a bed the next day,
the Court was remov'd to Windsor that moene:
You ha laine too long then then said his host,
you ha laine too long by a great while,
The King is now to Windsor gone,
he's farther to seeke by twenty mile.
I thinke I was corst then said the poore man,
if I had bene wise I might ha consider,
Belike the King of me has gotten some weat,
he had neere gone away had not I come hither,
He fled not for you, said the hoste,
but hie you to Windsor as fast as you may,

Be sure it will requite your cost,
 for looke what's past the King will pay.
 But when he came at Windsor Castle,
 with his bumble staffe upon his backe,
 Although the gates wide open stood,
 he layd on them till he made um cracke.



Why stay pray friend art mad, quoth the Porter,
 what makes thee keepe this stirre to day?
 Why I am a tenant of the Kings,
 and have a mess age to him to say.
 The King has men enough said the Porter,
 your message well that they can say,
 Why there's nare a knave the King doth keepe,
 shall ken my secret mind to day.

Northerne man.

I were told ere I came from home,
ere I got hither it would be deare bought.
Let me in, Iſe give thee a good ſingle penny,
I ſee thou wilt ha ſmall, ere thou'ſt doe ſoꝝ nought.
Gremery ſaid the Porter then,
thy reward's ſo great I cannot ſay nay.
Wonder's a Nobleman within the Court,
Iſe firſt heare what he will ſay.
When the Porter came to the Nobleman,
he ſays he would ſhew him a pretty ſport,
There's like a Clowne come to the gate,
as came not this ſeven yeares to the Court,
He calls all knaves the King doth keepe,
he raps at Gates and makes great din,
He's paſſing liberall of reward,
hee'd giue a good ſingle penny to be let in,
Let him in ſayd the Nobleman;
come in fellow the Porter gan ſay,
If thou come within thy ſelfe he ſays,
thy ſtaffe behind the Gate muſt ſtay,
And this Cuckolds carre muſt lig behind,
what a dole, what a cut haſt got with thee?
The King will take him up ſoꝝ his owne ſel,
Iſe warrant when as he him doth ſee.
Beſhrew thy limbes then ſaid the poore man,
then mayſt thou count me ſcole oꝝ worſe;
I wat not what bankrout lies by the King,
ſoꝝ want of money he may picke my purſe.

That's

1 THE KING, and the poore

That's to be fear'd then the Porter said,
He wish you to goe in well arm'd.

For the King he hath got mickle company,
and among them all you may soone be harm'd?

Let him in with his staffe and his dog, said the lord:
with that he gave a nod with's head, & beck with's

If you be sir King then said the poore man, (knee,
as I can very well thinke you be :

For I was told ere I came from home,
you're the goodliest man ere I saw befozne.

With so many single tangles about ones necke,
as is about yours, I neuer saw none.

I am not the King said the Noble man,
Fellow, although I have a proud coat.

If you be not the King, helpe me to the speech of him
you seeme a good fellow, He gi you a groat.

Gracemy, said the Nobleman,

the rewards so great I cannot say nay,

He goe know the Kings pleasure if I can,
till I come againe be sure thou stay.

Heres like a staying then said the poore man,
belike the Kings better then any in our countrey,

I might ha gone toth' farthest nake i'th house,
neither Lad nor lowne to trouble me.

When the Nobleman came to the King,
he said he would shew his Grace good sport,

Heres such a clowne come to the Gate,
as came not this seven yeares to the Court.

Northerne Man.

He calls all knaves your highnesse keepes,
and more then that he termes them worse :
Heele not come in without his staffe, and his dogge,
for feare some Bankrout will picke his purse,
Let him in with his staffe and his dog, said our King
that of his spozt we may see some :

Whee see how heele handle every thing,
as soone as the match of Bowles is done.

The Nobleman led him throug many a route,
and throug many a Gallery gay. (houses

What a deele doth the King with so many toome
that he gets um not filld with Corne and Hay.

What gares these bables and babies all :

Some ill have they done that they hang by the wals;
And staring aloft at the golden roole toppe,
at a step he did stumble and downe he fallles :

Stand up good fellow, the Noble man sayd,

What art thou drunke or blind I trow ?

Ie neither am blind nor drunke he sed,
although in my saule you oft are so,

It is a disease, said the Lord againe,
that many a good man is troubled withall. (stones

Quoth the Country man the, yet I made you proud
to kisse my backside, though they gan me a fall,

At last they spide the King in an Alley,
yet from his game he did not start :

The day was so hot, he cast off his Doublet,
he had nothing from the waist up but his shirt.

The King, and the poore



Loe yonder's the King, said the Noble man,
 behold fellow loe where he goes :
 Beleeue hees some unthrift, sayes the poore man,
 that has lost his money, and pawned his cloathes,
 How hap he hath gat nere a coate to his backe ?
 this bowling I like not it hath him undone.
 He warrant that fellow in those gay cloathes,
 he hath his coyne and his doublet won.
 But when he came befoze the King,
 the Nobleman did his curtisie,
 The poore man followed after him,
 & gabe a nod with his head, & a becke with his kinde
 If you be Sir King, then said the poore man,
 as I can hardly thinke you be,

Northerne Man.

Here is a gude fellow that brought me hither,
is liker to be the King than ye.
I am the King, his Grace now sayd,
fellow let me thy cause understand:
If you be sir King, I me a tennant of yours,
that was boyn & up brought within your owne land,
There dwels a Lawyer hard by me,
and a fault in my lease he sayes he hath found,
And all was for selling five poore Ashes,
to buldo a house upon my owne ground.
Wast thou a lease here said the King,
or canst thou shew to me the deed,
He put it into the Kings owne hand,
and said, sir tis here if that you can reade,
Why, what if I cannot said our King,
that which I cannot another man may,
I have a boy of mine owne not seven yeares old,
a will read you as swift, as yould run it the high way.
Lets see thy Lease then said our King,
then from his blacke bore he puld it out.
He gabe it into the Kings owne hand,
with foure or five knots ty'd fast in a clout.
Wast nere unloose these knots, said the King,
he gabe it to one that behind him did stay:
It is proud horse then said the poore man,
will not carries owne provinder along the high way,
Pay me forty shillings as I se pay you,
I will not thinke much to unloose a knot,



I would I were so occupied every day,
 Ioe unloose a scoze on him so; a groat.
 When the King had gotten these letters read,
 and found the truth was very so :
 A warrant thee thou hast not forfeit thy lease,
 if that thou hadst sold five almes more,
 I every one can warrant me,
 but all your warrants are not worth a flea.

Northerne Man.

Foꝛ he that troubles me and will not let me goe.
neither cares foꝛ warrant of you noꝛ me,

The Lawyer he is like a crafty elfe,
a will make a foole of twenty such as we,
And if that I said gang hang my sel,

He trow he and I suo neere agree,
Foꝛ he's too wise foꝛ all our Towne,
and yet we haꝛ got crafty knaves beside :

Heele uncoe me and my wife, and Beames,
alas that ever I saw this tide.

Thou'lt haue an Injunction said our King,
from troubling of thee he will cease :

Heele either shew thee a good cause why,
oꝛ else heele let thee liue in peace,

What's that Injunction said the poore man,
good sir to me I pray you say,

Why it is a letter He cause to be written,
but art thou simple as thou shewest foꝛ to day.

Why ist be a letter I'me neere the better,
keep't to your selfe and trouble not me :

I could a had a letter cheaper written at home,
and neere a come out of mine owne Countrey :

Thou'lt haue an attatchment said our King,
charge all thou seest to take thy part,

Till he pay thee an hundred pound,
be sure thou neuer let him start.

I wais me, the poore man said then,

The King, and the poore

For ken no whit what you now doe say,
I can undoe me a thousand times
ere he such a mickle of money will pay:
And more than this, there's no man at all,
that dares anongst him for to lift a hand,
For he has got so much guile in his budget,
that he will make all forseit their Land.
If any seeme against thee to stand,
be sure thou come hither straight way,
I marry, is that all Ile get for my labour,
then I may come trotting ebery day.
Thou art hard a belæse, then said our King,
to please him with letters he was right willing;
I see you have taken great paines in wyting,
with all my heart Ile gibe you a Shilling.
Ile have none of thy Shilling said our King,
man with thy money. God gibe thee win.
He threwe it into the Kings bosome,
the money lay cold next to his skin.
Besyrew thy heart then said our King,
thou art a Carle something too bold,
Dost thou not see I am hot with bololling,
the money next to my skin lies cold.
I nere wist that before, said the poore man,
before like time as I came thither,
If the Lawyers in our Country thought it was cold
they would not heape up so much together.

The King call'd up his Treasurer,
 and bad him fetch him twenty pound,
 If eber thy errant lye here a way,
 He beare thy charges up and downe.
 When the poore man saw the gold tendred,
 for to receiue it he was willing:
 If I had thought the King had had so mickle gold,
 belshzew my heart I doe a kept my shilling.
 Now farewell good fellow quoth the King,
 See that my command you well doe keepe.
 And when that the Lawyer you haue in your handes,
 looke that he doe pay you before he doe sleepe,
 Gods benison light on your soule, then he sayd,
 and send you and yours where eber you gang.
 If that I doe eber meete with your setd soes (hang
 I se weare with this stasse, that their hide I won
 And farewell brabe lads now unto you all,
 I woud all may win, and neane of you leese,
 Haude, take this same tesser here amongst you a we
 I hen that you Courtiers doe all looke for fees:
 Thus with a low courtisie of them he tooke leave,
 thinking from the Court to take his way:
 But some of the Gentlemen then of the Kings,
 would needs invite him at dinner to stay.
 A little intreaty did scone serbe his turne,
 a thought himsel as god a man as them all,
 But where (quoth he) shall I haue this same feast;
 there

and the poore
In straightway they ushered him into the hall,
Such store of cheare on the board there was platt,
that made the Countryman much soz to muse.
Quoth he, I doe thinke you are all craftie knaves,
that such a service you will not refuse;
I ne're saw such slipperde flapper before,
here's kAle I doe think is made of a wethstone,
Here's dousets and slippiacks, and I ken not what,
I thinke in the world such feasts there is none.
When he had well din'd and filled his panch,
then to the winecellar they had him straight way
Where they with good Claret, & brave old Canary,
they with a fore tale him soundly do pay;
So hard they did ply him with these strong wines,
that he did wzong the long seames of his hose,
That two men were faine to leade him up stayres,
so making indentures away then he goes.
The poore man got home next Sunday,
the Lawyer sone him did espy:
Oh sir, you have beene a stranger long,
I thinke from me you have kept you by.
It was soz you indeed said the poore man,
the matter to the King, as I have tell,
I did as neighbours put it in my head,
and made a submission to th King my sel. (per,
What a dæl didst thou with the King, said the Lam,
could not neighbors and friends agree thee and me?
The

The Deel a neighbour or friend that I had,
 that would a bin like a daies man as he,
 He has gin me a Letter, but I know not what the,
 but if the Kings words be true to me, (can't
 When you have read and perused it ower,
 I hope you will leade and let me be.
 He has gin me another, but I know not what tis,
 but I charge you all to hold him fast,
 Pray you that are learned this Letter reade,
 which presently made them all agast.
 When they did reade this Letter plaine,
 the Lawyer must pay him a hundred pound.
 You see the Kings Letter the poore man did say,
 and unto a post he sal straight way be bound;
 Then unto a post they tide him fast,
 and all men did rate him in cruell sort,
 The Lads and the Lasses and all the Towne,
 at him had great glée, pastime and spozt,
 He pay it, He pay it, the Lawyer said,
 the attachment I say it is good and faire,
 Thou must néedes something credit me,
 till I goe home and fetch some meare.
 Credit, nay thats if the King forbade,
 he had if I got thee, I should thee pay.
 The Lawyer payd him an hundred pound,
 in ready money ere he went away.
 Would ebery Lawyer were serbed thus,

from the poore, &c.

from troubling poore men they would cease,
They'd either shew them a good cause why,
or else they'd let them lye in peace.

And thus I end my merry Tale,

which shewes the plaine mans simplenesse,
And the Kings great mercy in righting his wrongs
and the Lawyers fraud and wickednesse.

FINIS.

M. P.

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